

Thomas Cæsar, Sen.

THOROUGH-BRED HAMPSHIRE BRITON,

BUT LATE FROM

EGHAM, IN SURRY.

A GOLDEN CHAIN OR A WOODEN LEG—TO WIN THE
HORSE OR LOOSE THE SADDLE.

HIS ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN,

PARTICULARLY

TO YOUNG TRADESMEN;

ON

*Drinking to Excess—On Labour—Kind Wishes to the Ladies
and inferior Clergy—His Loyal Wishes to their Majesties
and the Royal Family—To the Supporters of the
Nation—What sundry Towns and Parishes
were Famous for, when on his Travels
the last two Winters past—And
Epitaphs taken out of sun-
dry Church-yards, &c,*

1793.

Thomas C. C. 383.

THOMAS C. C. 383.

THOMAS C. C. 383.

THOMAS C. C. 383.

THOMAS C. C. 383.

THOMAS C. C. 383.

46

"

3

785

CÆSAR'S ADVICE

TO

YOUNG PERSONS.

DECLINING trade for want of a capital and a good wife, to enable him to support his credit, and to pay his debts, twenty shillings to the pound; for when a capital tradesman is involved in his circumstances, and has got too many irons in the fire, and confused in his accounts, he will find a difficulty in getting clear again, without the assistance of a great capital to support it. The old proverb says,—“Quick return in trade, with light gains, makes a heavy purse.” I am anxious to try my luck.

O freedom! How preferable art thou, though poor, to rich slavery. His Advice to Young Men, particularly to Young Tradesmen,—be honest, be sober, be diligent, and vigilant. I could have said more, but what need more be said.

ON DRINKING TO EXCESS.

You decay your health by drinking beyond nature, destroy your wealth by wasting your substance, forfeit your good name, your character gone, and when your cash is gone nobody will trust you; nothing but shame, ruined, and despised by rich and poor.

ON LABOUR.

Labour is healthy, and more wholesome to a sound constitution than hard-drinking.

Labour, in hay-time and harvest, requires nourishment; that is to say, some sound ale at intervals, to make labour pass off pleasant.

Labour creates a keen appetite, and causes sound sleep, particularly if the conscience is clear; and a good heart is better than a bad conscience.

The King, not forgetting our good and gracious Queen, the hearty Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family. English Britons and the true British Constitution for ever!

Health to the single ladies and hearty widows throughout Great Britain.

May they embrace good husbands all in good time, (when God pleases,) but the sooner the better, and may they prove good wives, and be a comfort to the partners of their love, and when they depart this life to inherit heaven.

May the parliament make a better provision for the inferior clergy than they have at present, and the commonality in general live to see better times.

Peace and good neighbourhood, and no Tom Paine.

May the jolly farmers, the great support of the nation, continually enjoy peace and plenty.

I hope no offence in publishing the above sentiments, &c. I thought it my duty in discharging the above to the young community, as I am a man by the act of Providence, who has experienced all the above operations, and am now, thank God, hearty and sound as a CÆSAR. O Health and Liberty ! Sweet Health and sweet Liberty ! Time, Patience, and Providence, bring many things to bear ; and when a man from prosperity descends into adversity, and is down, down with him, and keep him down. O then, what pains, what struggles, difficulties, disappointments, and unexpected troubles he meets with and goes through before he can raise his head again ; but kind Providence has given a glance, and by surprize, started up friends, and says, CÆSAR, arise, ascend, hold up your head, and live again in the character of a CÆSAR.

I humbly thank Providence possessing me with blessings and talents which none can take from me ; that is to say, my health, my heart, my head, and my hands, are my own, by the act of Providence. I thank my God making me happy in my conscience, and continuing me sound in body and mind ; and every thing that has existence stands in need of some assistance, as well as

Your humble Servant,

T. C.

And now, my worthy friends, should the contents merit your approbation, your custom will be very acceptable. Some people may think me mean, but it is honest, as I want to make up cash enough to pay my debts, and now is my last chance—a wooden leg, or a golden chain, to win the horse or lose the saddle. My worthy female friends, if I should be fortunate enough to gain the chain, then, with propriety, I could say, O my dear widows and maidens ! VENI ! VIDI ! VICI !

What fundry Towns and Parishes are famous for.

EGHAM, in Surry, for pure old virgins, good wives, kind widows, industrious tradesmen, and where King John signed the Magna Charta bill, in Runny Mead.

Colnbrook, in Bucks, for poverty, fleas and rags.

New Windfor, in Berks, our gracious King and Queen's own town, for scented soap and black puddings.

Eaton, in Bucks, for learning, flap-bang and beef-soup.

Slough Market, in Bucks, for roast beef of old England.

Oakingham, in Berks and Wilts, for a shallow-chandler, mow-burnt candles, bull-baiting, &c.

Bagshot, in Surry, for nice mutton and turf.

Farnborough, Alderhot, Cove, and Crookham, in Hants, for women's ware, it will all break as well as crack. O your beautiful brown two-handled allego mugs!

The county of Hants for nice bacon and kind cooing widows.

Hartlyrow, in Hants, for a nice parson, fine singing at church, and good livers.

Elvetham, in Hants, for a nice ditto, but a thin congregation.

Odiham, for chalk and a pretty candle-light market to break young farmers in.

Odiham Agriculture Society gentlemen and their ladies for ever.

Alresford, in Hants, for silver eels and pretty ladies.

The city of Winchester for learning and statute measure.

Rifely Common, in Hants, where my Lord Rivers's noble rows of oaks are in the spring, when the birds are a whistling, for to walk and talk and coo with a nice double-chin round cricket-ball widow ; my dear hold up your chin a little, four rows fit for the scoring axe and saw, 580 sticks, throwed in several small ones for luck.

Alton, in Hants, my own true-blue town for beauty, riches, sound twopenny, pretty ladies, and industrious tradesmens wives.

Farnham, in Surry, for hops, good tradesmens wives, and pretty ladies.

Selbourne and Liphook, in Hants, for hard-working farmers and smuglers ; please to observe, my worthy friends, that wheat ricks in Hampshire are plentier than old maids ; but at Egham, in Surry, old maids are plentier than wheat ricks. What a surprising odds !

Godalming, in Surry, for stocking-weavers and tabby-cats.

Guildford Town, in Surry, for beauty, sound twopenny, and pretty ladies. The Widow Green and Miss Ogborn for ever.

Riply, in Surry, for mild twopenny for giving ease to the gout ; but Chertsey, in Surry, for mild twopenny making a sound cure of the gout.

Staines, in Middlessex, for wealthy people, called Quakers. O my favourite people !

Uxbride and Cowly for a grand market-house, a great pitched corn-market, fine women, honest millers, and an honest millwright.

Wyardisbury, in Bucks, God help them all.

But Stanwell for proved true-blues.

An EPITAPH,

Taken on a STONE in HADLY Church-Yard.

D. GARROW to his FRIEND.

RICHES have wings and soon are gone,
High honours fade tho' bright they shone;
Seek not to these when griefs assail,
In sorrows night they fail, they fail.
The prize to faith held out on high,
With ardour claim there fix thine eye;
Implore heaven's aid to guide thee, tho'
The ills shall wait us here below.
To fit thee for that sacred place,
Where millions chant the Saviour's grace;
This hope in death will cheer thy heart,
Inspire thee well to act thy part;
From mortal scenes resign'd to move,
And join best friends in seats of love.

An EPITAPH,

Taken out of STRATFIELD SAY Church-Yard, HANTS.

A Sleep, beneath this humble stone,
Lies honest, harmless, simple John;
Who free from guilt, and care and strife,
Here clos'd his inoffensive life.
His worth was great, his failings few,
He practis'd all the good he knew;
And did no harm, his only sin,
Was that he lov'd a drop of gin.

And when his favourite was not near,
 Contented took his horn of beer;
 Tho' weak his head, to make amends,
 Heav'n gave him health, content and friends.
 This little village nurs'd and bred him,
 And good Lord Rivers cloth'd and fed him;
 'Twas there he liv'd, carefs'd by all,
 The favourite of the servants hall.
 With them he eat his daily bread,
 They lov'd him living, mourn him dead;
 And now have kindly join'd to raise,
 This little tomb-stone to his praise.
 Nor should the learned and the wise,
 Such humble merit e'er despise;
 Who knows but John may find a place,
 Where wit must never shew its face.
 Farewel then, John, grant Heaven that we,
 Harmless may live, and die like thee.

JOHN BAILIE, Jun. died APRIL 2d, 1777, aged 45 years.

Taken down from ELVETHAM Church-Yard.

A Loving husband, and a faithful friend,
 Just in his ways was his chief end;
 Certain and uncertain is the life of man,
 Certain to die, but yet uncertain when.
 An instance here we have, before our eyes,
 How soon the strongest men grow sick and dies.

EPITAPH on a GAME-KEEPER,

From HECKFIELD, in HANTS.

MY gun's discharg'd, my ball is gone,
My powder's spent, my work is done ;
Those panting deer I've left behind,
May now have time to gain their wind ;
For I, who oft have chas'd them o'er
The verdant plain, am now no more.

JOHN MEADOW departed this life, August 1st, 1779,
aged 52 years.

DINAH, his wife, died JULY 18th, 1783, aged 52 years.

On a noted BLACKSMITH.

MY sledge and hammer lie reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind ;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my vice is laid ;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

On ELEANOR BACHELOR, a Pie-woman,

At BRAY WICK, BERKS.

BENEATH the dust, the mouldy old crust of Nell Bachelor
lately was shoven,

Who was skill'd in the arts of pies, custards, and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her last puff,

A puff by her husband much prais'd ;

Now here she doth lie, to make a dust pie,

In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

I say there is no doubt but what poor dear Eleanor inherited heaven, because she was such a useful member to society when living.

FAREWEL, vain world, I know enough of thee,
And now I'm careless what thou say'st of me;
What faults you have seen in me, take care to shun,
Look well at home, enough there's to be done.

THO. CÆSAR.

An Old Proverb.

THE old Proverb says, That a rolling stone never gathers any moss, but I say that is an error, because I will tell you all, my worthy friends, if I had continued in Surry, and lived on my income, which is too little for a man of my spirit, and as provisions are, how was it possible for me to have paid my debts—by taking a philosophical scheme, studying prowling, and working in the summer? The ensuing winter, I hope I shall be able to support my credit, to pay my debts, twenty shillings in the pound; and as long as my life lasts,

I am,

Your most obedient and dutiful servant,

THO. CÆSAR, Sen.

PRO BONO PUBLICO,

And qualified to go where I please without a licence.

O LIBERTY! Sweet LIBERTY!

THE END.



